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Not Fast Enough



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Chapter 1 by sarah_bond1

"Let me go!" the boy shrieked as he was dragged out of his house. His parents stood, aghast, in the doorway, but didn't dare make a move to help him.

The soldiers carrying him rolled their eyes, but didn't let him go. "You were late reporting to duty for the Fuhrer. But no longer." They threw him into the back of a truck, filled with more unwilling recruits, before signaling to drive away.

All the boy could do was press his face against the back and watch his family, his house, his neighborhood, disappear.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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